

Love Me Rotten by Rebldomakr

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Drabble, M/M, Soulmate AU, Soulmate-Identifying Marks, even though it's the 80's same-sex couples are permitted 'cause soulmates can't be apart

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Summary:

Steve was born with a crudely drawn sun on the middle of his chest, Billy was born with a garland around his wrist.

Love Me Rotten

Author's Note:

sorry for any mistakes I didn't fix!

Steve knew Billy was his the moment their eyes met in that parking lot. He knew Billy was his when their skin brushed against each other during basketball practice. He knew Billy was his when Nancy told him he was bullshit, and the guilt he would've felt for leaving her vanished. He loved her, but it was different from what he felt when he had Billy Hargrove staring at him.

When his ass was handed to him in basketball practice, when Billy discreetly slid his hand down to his ass during showers *after* practice, when Billy pulverized his face in the Byers' house, he knew that Billy was his. And he was almost proud of himself for not just tossing everything and everyone in the wind for him, but just so fucking desperate to be able to sit by Billy.

It wasn't until the bruises on his face faded that Billy decided to act on what they both knew. Steve had sex plenty of times before, with girls, but getting fucked in the ass without a condom or fucking anything between skin-on-skin contact, with his fucking *soulmate*- it made every other thing he'd done remotely sexual with anyone else, pale so much in comparison.

"You're a slut, Harrington." Billy proclaimed after their ninth time together, this one in Steve's bed while his parents were away in Chicago. Steve's lips were definitely a bit bruised and his throat was raw after being fucked for the past hour, his pelvis hurt from how hard Billy'd slammed himself down, but he was happier than he ever could imagine being.

"Your slut, though." Steve said.

Billy grinned. "Yeah." He agreed. "My slut." He placed his hand on the crudely-drawn sun over Steve's sternum. On his wrist was a garland, with silvery flowers along the green leaves.

“Fuck.” Steve said. “I love you.”

“Yeah. Love you too.” Billy leaned down and kissed him.

(the name steve meant garland, or crown. the name billy meant protector, but he became steve's sun and reason to live)

Nancy Wheeler was born without a soul mark, like both of her parents. It wasn't a rare thing in the world, but it was uncommon enough. Some people whispered that her dead best friend carried her name on her skin, but it was only a rumor. It wasn't too rare for someone to be born with a soulmate who didn't match with them. People weren't too shocked when she left Steve Harrington, the boy with a sun on his chest, for Jonathon Byers, a boy without a mark, too.

Soul marks came to 2 out of 3 people in the United States, according to the Federal Soulmate Institution. 1 of 3 people born with soul marks were born with their soulmate's name printed on their skin, another one-third was born with a mark that matched a mark on their soulmate, and the last chunk were people born with a mark that defined their soulmate in some way. That last chunk was considered the most unlucky, it was harder to determine if someone was your soulmate that way. They said there was about 15,000 cases of a mismatched soulmate pair every year, 98% from people whose marks weren't meant to match.

To the part of the American population born without a mark, they saw nothing missing in their lives. Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler were happy enough in their marriage, for instance. Their daughter was already forming the foundation of a loving relationship with the older Byers boy. Their son, Mike, was the only Wheeler with a soul mark. The number 11 was printed on his forearm. *[jane hopper, the sheriff's daughter who just recently arrived, had 'mike' printed on the back of her neck]*

Steve had been sure, for a long time, that he matched with Nancy Wheeler even if she didn't match with him. He'd been wrong, of

course. He was now pretty damn sure that Billy was meant to be his, because he couldn't imagine living life without him. If Billy Hargrove was taken away from him, Steve knew he'd rather cut his own neck than live without.

"Steve, maybe you should go to the FSI." Nancy told him, once. "Find your soulmate before you go off to college." She was only trying to help him, not knowing his daily gloom wasn't from being alone but from not being able to spend his waking hours with Billy.

"No." He said. "I'm good."

She didn't look convinced.

That same day, after school, Billy took Steve out to dinner a few towns over. The waitress correctly assumed they were soulmates and cooed over them, telling a short story of when she first met her own. She gave them both a free slice a pie, wrapped up in her memories and happy to see two soulmates matched. Billy took Steve's slice, but kissed his neck when they left.

No one really cared about same-sex couples anymore, if they were soulmates. But Billy didn't trust his dad and Steve couldn't blame him. They'd wait until Billy was eighteen and could stick around if the Hargrove's packed their bags and left to somewhere else.

The first person to find out they were matched was Dustin, because Steve couldn't help but tell him. He liked the kid too much and didn't want him thinking he was betraying the Party by hanging around Billy.

"You're matched with *him*?" Dustin asked, eyes wide and horrified. "Jesus, Steve--"

"It's fine." Steve reassured him, quickly. "Billy's nice."

Dustin didn't look very convinced. "Whatever, man." He said. "If he ever hurts you, I'm telling Max."

Steve didn't voice the fact that he doubted Max could handle her stepbrother without the aid of a sedative, he just nodded along.

The first others that found out were, naturally, the rest of the Party. They all decided to try to form some sort of guard around him, like little chaperones. Billy dealt with them only because Steve loved the hell out of the shits.

“I swear to God, I’m never going to have a kid.” Billy groaned after they dropped off Mike, who was last that particular night. Max was dropped off previously, told to tell Mr. Hargrove that Billy was going to fix someone’s garage for some extra cash. “What if they turn out like any of those fuckers?”

“We’d be grateful they didn’t turn like douchebags.” Steve said. Billy snorted and Steve drove off, going up to only a few miles over the speed limit.

Author's Note:

this was so fucking self-indulgent but I write a lot
shit that's self indulgent so